NO. 197

Rs. 6

TINKLE

AMAR CHITRA KATHA

THE FORTNIGHTLY FOR CHILDREN FROM THE HOUSE OF AMAR CHITRA KATHA

THE SECRET LANGUAGE

THE SWORDSMAN
(A Nasruddin Hodja Tale)

THE MAGIC PUMPKINS

Scanned & Edited By : Rajesh Kumar©

IBH

200 not out!

Yes! The 200th issue of Tinkle will hit the stands on 5th May 1990.

To celebrate the occasion Uncle Pai has organised a fabulous programme on May 1 1990 from 9.30 A.M. to 12.30 P.M.

Venue: **Birla Matushri Sabhagar**
19, Marine Lines, Bombay.

The show will consist of:
* A Costume parade (Fancy Dress Competition (8-12 years)
* A Magic Show * A Quiz contest.

Two Camlin Flora pencils from Camlin Ltd. to all who attend.

A Dasan cycle from Das Bros. Engineering Co. will be presented to each of the best three participants in the costume parade.

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Children wishing to take part in the Costume Parade will have to register the item they wish to present at the office of India Book House Pvt. Ltd.

An attractive pencil box will be given free to all children who attend the function.

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March 20, 1990

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THE MAGIC PUMPKINS

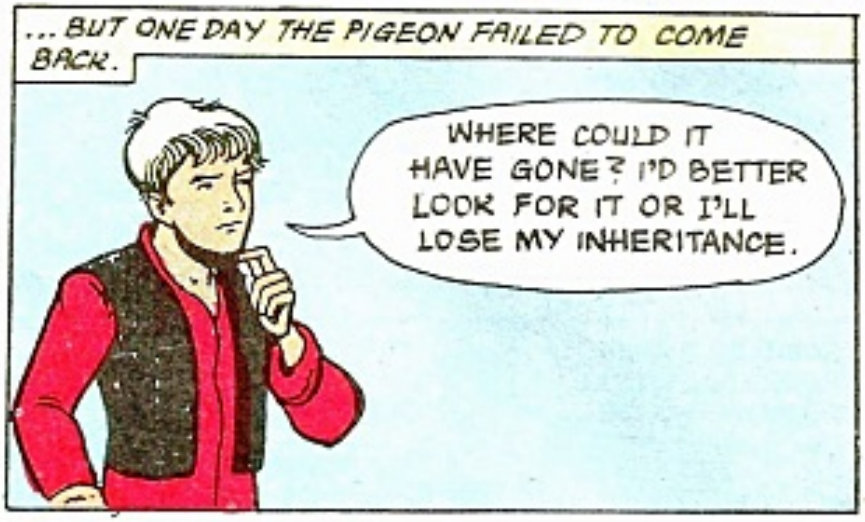
Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by : Anita Sabat. A/348, Shahid Nagar, Bhubaneswar

Illustrations : Ajit Vasalkar

I HAVE A FEELING I'VE BEEN TRICKED. BUT WHAT CAN I DO ABOUT IT?
HEE... HEE! HE'S SUCH A FOOL. NOT ONLY HAVE I GOT THE HOUSE BUT ALSO THE FIVE HUNDRED ROUBLES HIDDEN IN THE CELLAR.

VASSILY TOOK GOOD CARE OF THE PIGEON. EVERY DAY HE WOULD LET IT OUT OF THE CAGE AND IN THE EVENING IT WOULD RETURN.
THE MONTHS PASSED SWIFTLY...


... BUT ONE DAY THE PIGEON FAILED TO COME BACK.
WHERE COULD IT HAVE GONE? I'D BETTER LOOK FOR IT OR I'LL LOSE MY INHERITANCE.

AH! THERE YOU ARE... BUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR WING?

AH! YOU POOR CREATURE... IT'S BROKEN. BUT DON'T WORRY I'LL SOON MEND IT FOR YOU.

THERE, YOU'LL BE AS RIGHT AS RAIN IN A FEW DAYS.

AND SURE ENOUGH AFTER A WEEK THE PIGEON WAS READY TO FLY—
GOOD LUCK, AND COME BACK SAFELY.
THE PIGEON SWIFTLY FLEW AWAY...

... AND RETURNED IN THE EVENING WITH A GIFT FOR VASSILY.
YOU'RE BACK. AND WHAT'S THAT YOU'VE BROUGHT?
IT LOOKS LIKE A PUMPKIN SEED.

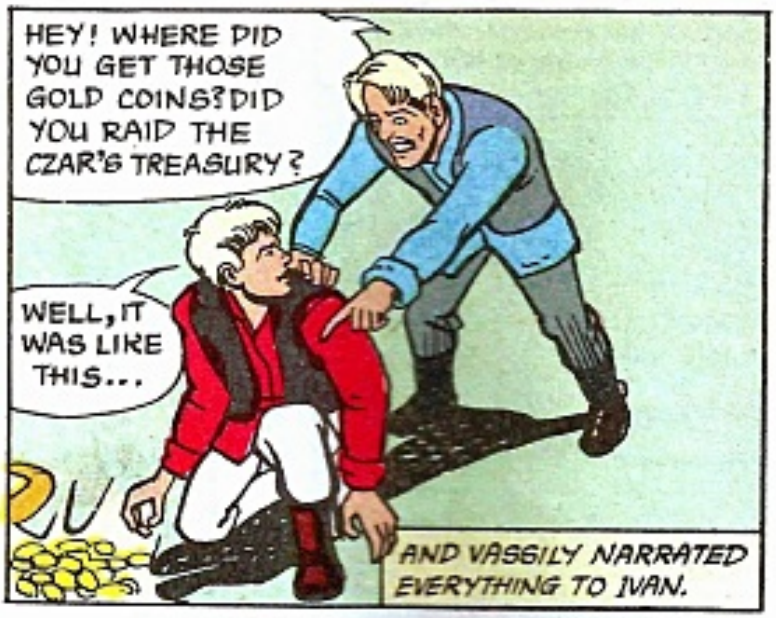
I'LL PLANT IT IN THE GARDEN. I COULD DO WITH SOME FRESH PUMPKINS.

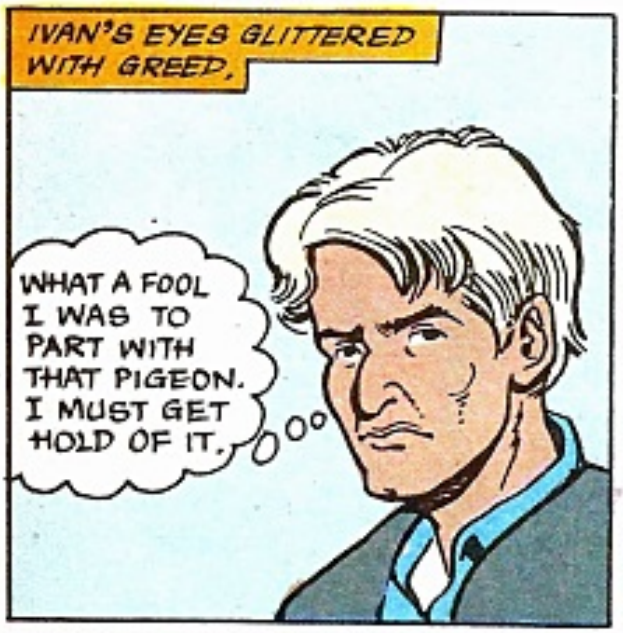
HOW SWIFTLY THE PLANT HAS GROWN. THE PUMPKINS ARE RIPE ALREADY.

OOF! IT'S HEAVY!

GOLD COINS! IT'S FULL OF GOLD COINS. SO THAT'S WHY IT WAS SO HEAVY!
HELLO, VASSILY...

IVAN! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?
I WAS PASSING BY AND I THOUGHT I WOULD DROP IN FOR A CHAT.

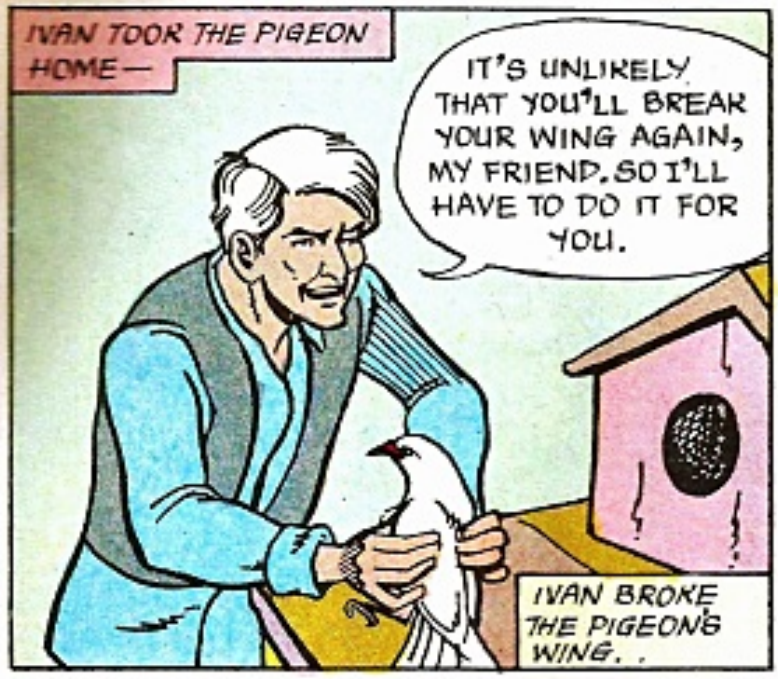

HEY! WHERE DID YOU GET THOSE GOLD COINS? DID YOU RAID THE CZAR'S TREASURY?
WELL, IT WAS LIKE THIS...
AND VASSILY NARRATED EVERYTHING TO IVAN.

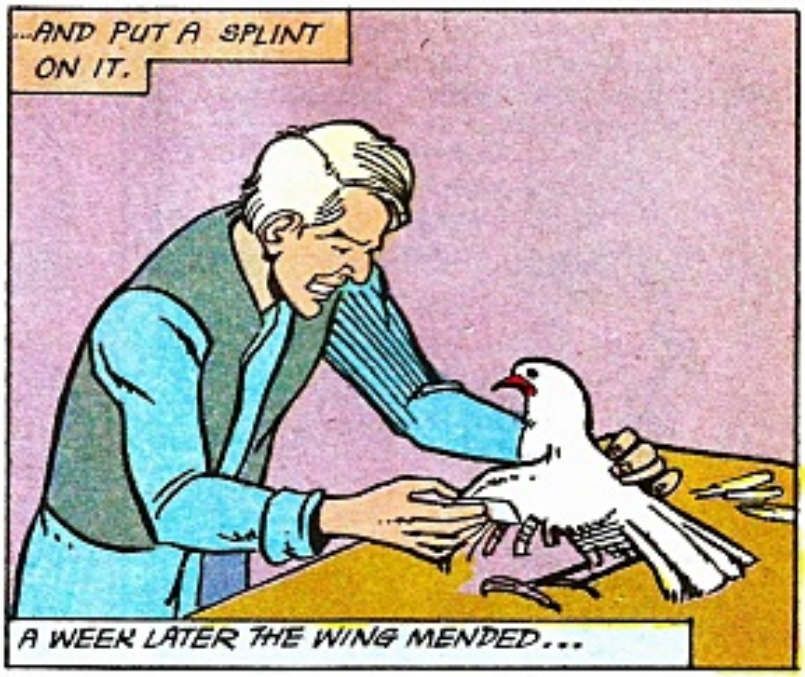

IVAN'S EYES GLITTERED WITH GREED.
WHAT A FOOL I WAS TO PART WITH THAT PIGEON. I MUST GET HOLD OF IT.

ER... VASSILY, I FEEL LONESOME IN THE HOUSE. SO I WAS WONDERING...
WHAT?

I WAS WONDERING IF YOU'D LEND ME THAT PIGEON FOR A MONTH OR SO.
IT WOULD REMIND ME OF OLD TIMES AND DRIVE MY BLUES AWAY.

SURE. YOU CAN KEEP IT FOR TWO MONTHS IF YOU LIKE.
THAT'S VERY DECENT OF YOU, VASSILY.


IVAN TOOK THE PIGEON HOME—
IT'S UNLIKELY THAT YOU'LL BREAK YOUR WING AGAIN, MY FRIEND. SO I'LL HAVE TO DO IT FOR YOU.
IVAN BROKE THE PIGEON'S WING. .


...AND PUT A SPLINT ON IT.
A WEEK LATER THE WING MENDED...

...AND IVAN LET THE PIGEON FLY AWAY.
HEE! HEE! I'LL SOON BE A RICH MAN! RICHER THAN EVEN THE CZAR.

AH! YOU'RE BACK! WHERE'S THE PUMPKIN SEED?
THERE... I'LL PLANT IT RIGHT AWAY!

IN A MONTH'S TIME THE PUMPKINS WILL GROW AND MAKE ME RICH.

WHEN THE PUMPKINS GREW BIG IVAN SWIFTLY PLUCKED ONE.
I CAN'T HEAR ANY GOLD COINS INSIDE
PERHAPS THEY ARE TIGHTLY PACKED, THAT'S WHY THEY DON'T JINGLE.

IMPATIENT TO BECOME RICH, IVAN SLICED OPEN THE PUMPKIN. INSTANTLY THE ROOM WAS FILLED WITH THICK SMOKE.
COUGH! COUGH! THERE WAS ONLY SMOKE INSIDE THE PUMPKIN... COUGH COUGH!
THE SMOKE SWIFTLY CONDENSED AND THERE STOOD BEFORE IVAN...
A... A... GIANT!
OW! KEEP OFF!
HELP HELP!
THAT'S IVAN WITH A GIANT IN PURSUIT.
POOR IVAN! THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO FOR HIM, EXCEPT WAIT.
VASSILY WAITED AND WAITED BUT THERE WAS NO SIGN OF IVAN. FINALLY HE MOVED INTO THE HOUSE.
WELL, AT LEAST I'VE GOT MY RIGHTFUL INHERITANCE BACK!

IT HAPPENED TO ME....

A true-life incident, sent by Master Vishal Raheja of
23, Blue Heaven, Off Carter Rd, Khar Danda, Bombay 400 052.

One Saturday afternoon my grandmother and I were having lunch. My father had gone to his office and my mother to the market, and so there was nobody else in the house.

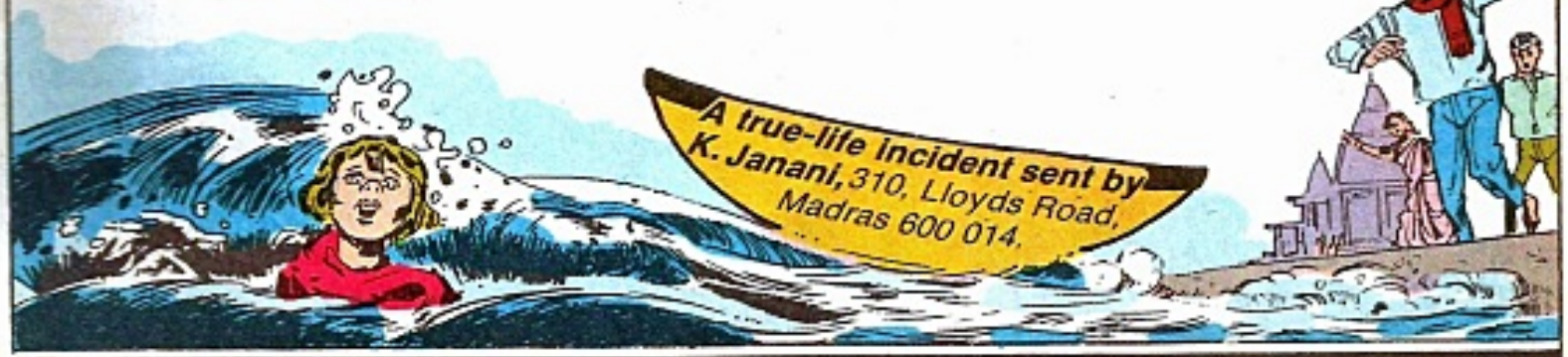
Suddenly the door-bell rang and a tall man with my father's visiting card entered when I opened the door. He told me that my father had sent him to repair the VCR. I was surprised to hear this because our VCR had been purchased just two days ago and was working perfectly. The man told me that he would have to take the VCR to his workshop in order to repair it, since he did not have the necessary instruments with him. I realised that he was no mechanic, but a con-man.

Then all of a sudden, I heard the sound of a rickshaw near our house. Even though I did not know who was in the rickshaw, I told the crook that it was my father. Hearing this the con-man took to his heels and fled from the scene as fast as he could.

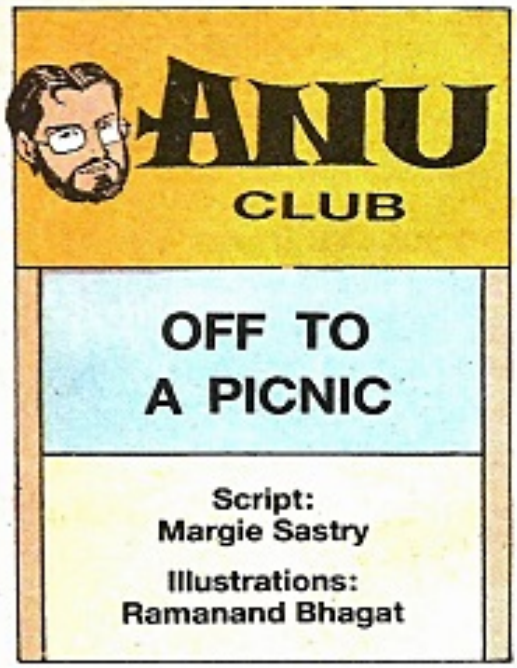
In this way I prevented our valuable VCR from being robbed.

Once I had gone to Kanyakumari along with my parents and grand-parents. We went for a dip in the sea. I was enjoying the coolness of the water but suddenly a huge wave swept me deep into the sea.

My parents were aghast but just then another huge wave brought me safely back to the shore. My parents were overjoyed and later we all went to the temple to offer our thanks to the Goddess.



A true-life incident sent by K. Janani, *310, Lloyds Road, Madras 600 014.*


ANU
CLUB
OFF TO A PICNIC
Script: Margie Sastry
Illustrations: Ramanand Bhagat

ON THE DAY OF THE PICNIC AMAR WAS THE FIRST TO REACH.
HELLO! AMAR, YOU ARE BRIGHT AND EARLY!

YES, UNCLE ANU, I WAS AFRAID THE OTHERS WOULD FORGET ABOUT ME. I'M SO NEW TO THE CLUB.
NOT ANY MORE! BUT GOOD YOU ARE HERE EARLY. COME HELP ME PACK THE HAMPER.

GOSH! WHAT A LOT OF FOOD YOU'VE PACKED, UNCLE, JUST FOR A DAY'S PICNIC.
FRESH AIR DOES WONDERS FOR CHILDREN'S APPETITES. THEY EAT EVERYTHING IN SIGHT.

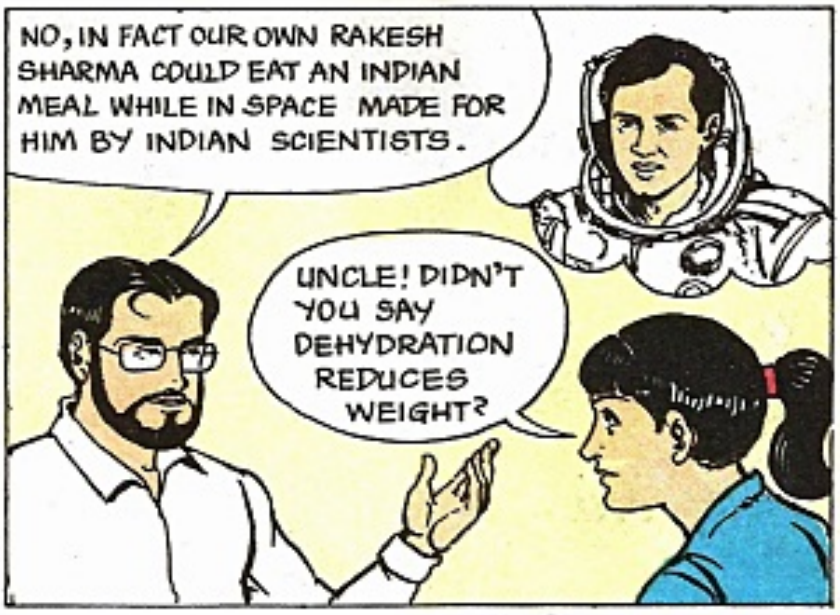
SLOWLY THE OTHER MEMBERS BEGAN TO COLLECT THERE.
NOW ALL ARE HERE. HELLO, DEEPA, CHITRA, BHARAT, VIJAY.
ANAND, WHAT'S IN THE BIG BAG?
MY SURVIVAL KIT. I BROUGHT SOME SNACKS FOR AN EMERGENCY.

HEY, FATSO! ARE YOU GOING FOR A TRIP TO VIHAR LAKE OR PLANET VENUS?
BUT FOR VENUS HE'D HAVE A LIGHTER BAG OF DEHYDRATED FOOD.
WHY?

YES, BHARAT, DEHYDRATED FOOD WOULD TAKE UP LESS ROOM.

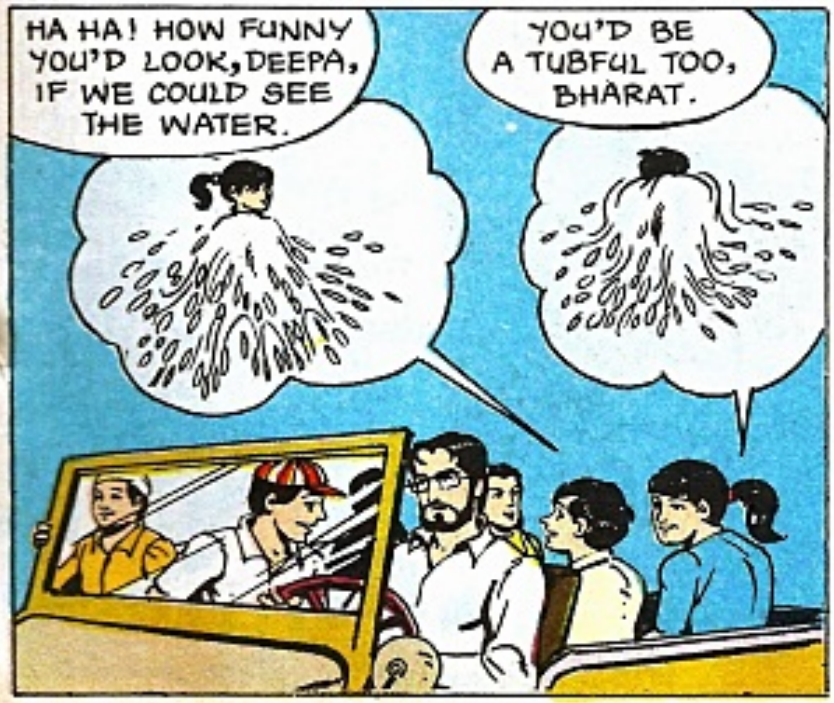
YOU SEE, WATER FORMS A LARGE PART OF MOST OF OUR FOOD.
AND ONCE THE WATER IS OUT, FOOD WEIGHS LESS AND KEEPS LONGER TOO.

AND YOU CAN HAVE A FEAST MADE FROM DEHYDRATED FOOD.
YOU MEAN THEY DON'T HAVE TO EAT JUST PEAS IN SPACE?

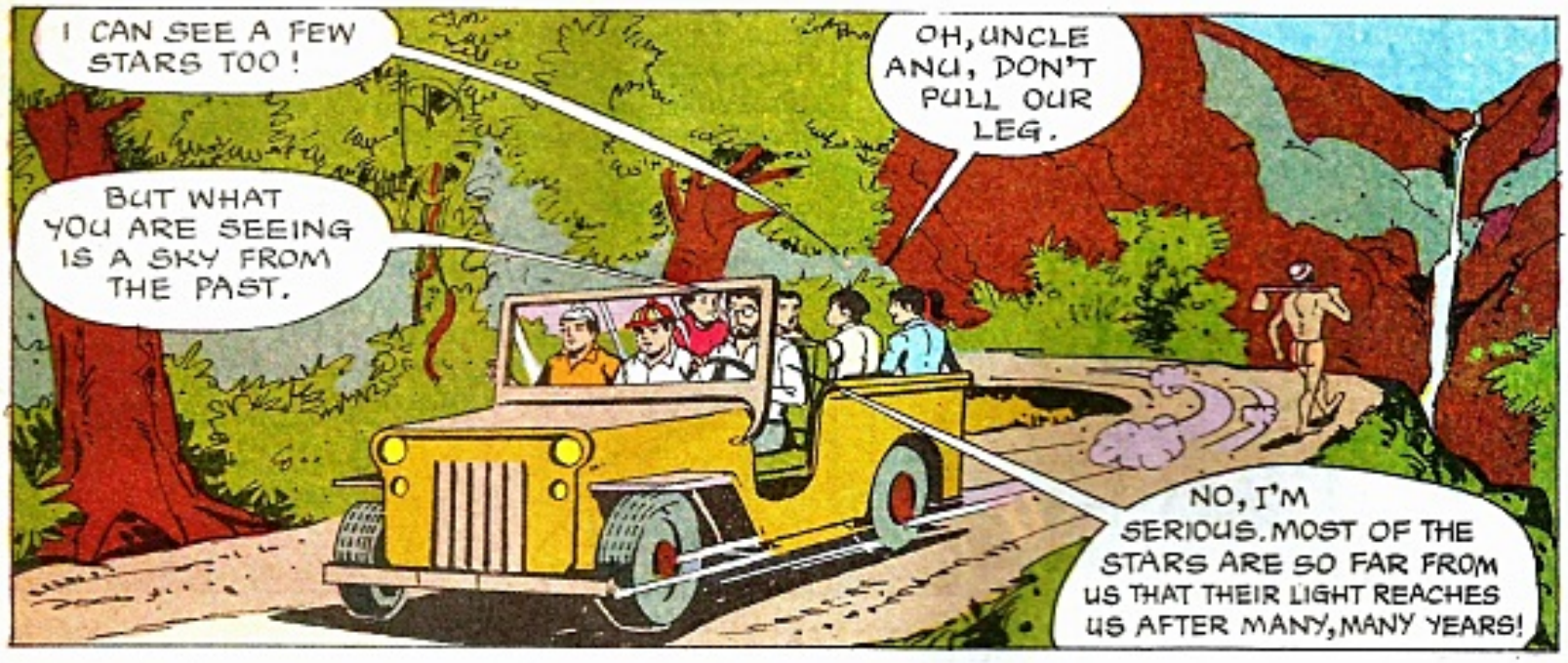

NO, IN FACT OUR OWN RAKESH SHARMA COULD EAT AN INDIAN MEAL WHILE IN SPACE MADE FOR HIM BY INDIAN SCIENTISTS.
UNCLE! DIDN'T YOU SAY DEHYDRATION REDUCES WEIGHT?

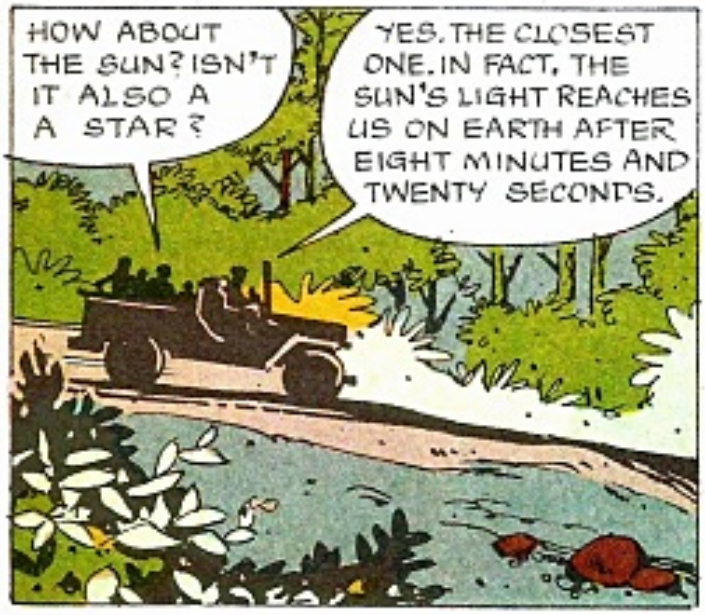
MAYBE WE COULD DEHYDRATE ANAND.
YES, THEN HE'D TAKE LESS ROOM IN THE JEEP.
AHH! YOU ARE ALL JEALOUS OF MY GOOD HEALTH.

BUT IT'S A FACT. ANAND, OUR BODIES ARE ALSO 70% WATER. ISN'T IT SO, UNCLE ANU?
YES, THAT'S TRUE!


HA HA! HOW FUNNY YOU'D LOOK, DEEPA, IF WE COULD SEE THE WATER.
YOU'D BE A TUBFUL TOO, BHARAT.

COME ON! LET'S GET GOING.
WE ARE RATHER EARLY. IT'S STILL DARK.


I CAN SEE A FEW STARS TOO!
OH, UNCLE ANU, DON'T PULL OUR LEG.
BUT WHAT YOU ARE SEEING IS A SKY FROM THE PAST.
NO, I'M SERIOUS. MOST OF THE STARS ARE SO FAR FROM US THAT THEIR LIGHT REACHES US AFTER MANY, MANY YEARS!


HOW ABOUT THE SUN? ISN'T IT ALSO A A STAR?
YES. THE CLOSEST ONE. IN FACT, THE SUN'S LIGHT REACHES US ON EARTH AFTER EIGHT MINUTES AND TWENTY SECONDS.

SO IF THE SUN WERE TO SUDDENLY DISAPPEAR, YOU'D FIND OUT ONLY EIGHT MINUTES LATER.
BUT IT WON'T. WILL IT, UNCLE ANU?

WELL, NOT FOR A FEW BILLION YEARS AT LEAST.
BUT WHY ARE YOU LOOKING SO WORRIED, BHARAT?

WE HAVE A CRICKET MATCH THIS WEEKEND AND I AM THE CAPTAIN.
THAT'S WHY YOU DON'T WANT THE WORLD TO END AS YET.

THEN WE MUST MAKE SURE.
SHINE ON, MR. SUN! TILL BHARAT'S MATCH IS WON.

FASTER ON FOOT

– A Suppandi Tale

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by:
Gracian D'Souza
Mari Villa, Nav Padav,
Kulshekar,
Mangalore-575 005.

Illustrations:
Ram Waeerkar

THE SECRET LANGUAGE

— A Grimm Tale

Script:
Margie Sastry

Illustrations:
Ajit Vasaikar

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE LIVED A KING WHO SEEMED TO HAVE AN AMAZING ABILITY TO LOCATE HIDDEN OBJECTS.

O KING! LAST NIGHT A CASKET OF SILVER-WARE WAS STOLEN FROM THE TREASURY.

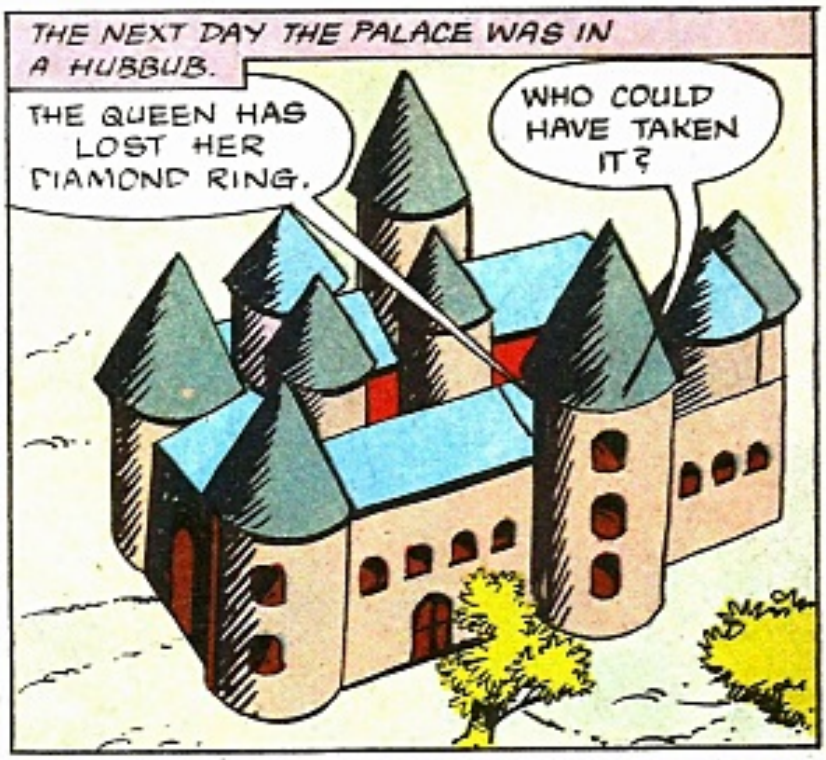
YES, I KNOW, GO AND LOOK FOR IT IN THE CELLAR OF THE OLD FORT.

AMAZING! NOTHING REMAINS A SECRET FROM OUR KING.

ONE EVENING THE KING WAS CALLED AWAY URGENTLY AND THE ROYAL SERVANT HAD HIS OPPORTUNITY.
I'LL HAVE A TASTE OF THIS. WHAT'S SPECIAL ABOUT IT?

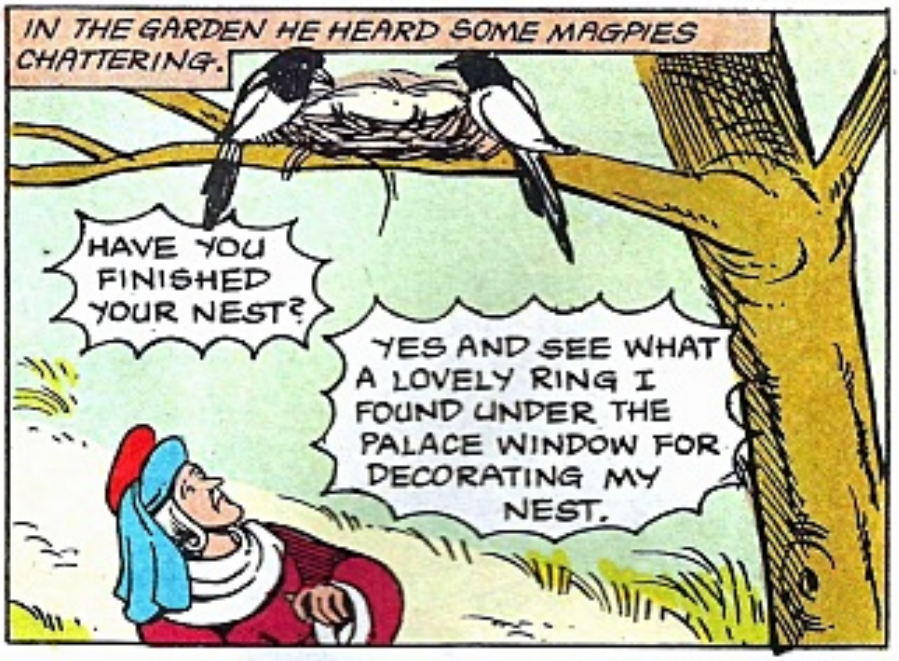
AS SOON AS HE ATE A MOUTHFUL—
HEY, I HEAR STRANGE SQUEAKY VOICES FROM THE WINDOW.
CHEEP! CHEEP!

HE LOOKED OUT—
IT'S THE SPARROWS. I CAN UNDERSTAND THEIR TALK.
THAT PUDDING MUST BE MAGICAL. NOW I KNOW THE KING'S SECRET.
CHEEP CHEEP!


THE NEXT DAY THE PALACE WAS IN A HUBBUB.
THE QUEEN HAS LOST HER DIAMOND RING.
WHO COULD HAVE TAKEN IT?

YOU WERE SEEN NEAR THE PRIVATE ROYAL QUARTERS YESTERDAY.
YOU MUST HAVE STOLEN THE RING.
NO! DIDN'T STEAL IT. GIVE ME SOME TIME AND I'LL PROVE IT.

LET ME HAVE A STROLL THROUGH THE GARDEN. SOMEHOW I MUST PROVE MY INNOCENCE.


IN THE GARDEN HE HEARD SOME MAGPIES CHATTERING.
HAVE YOU FINISHED YOUR NEST?
YES AND SEE WHAT A LOVELY RING I FOUND UNDER THE PALACE WINDOW FOR DECORATING MY NEST.

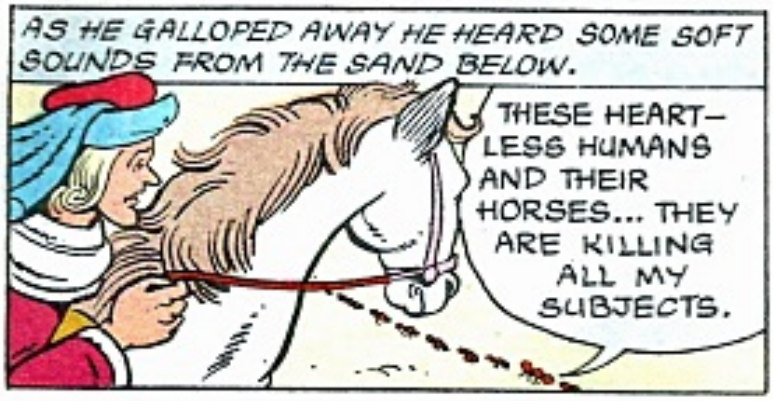
THE SERVANT RUSHED BACK TO THE PALACE AND RETURNED WITH THE CHIEF GUARD.
YOU'LL FIND THE RING IN THE NEST.

YES! THE RING IS IN THE NEST.

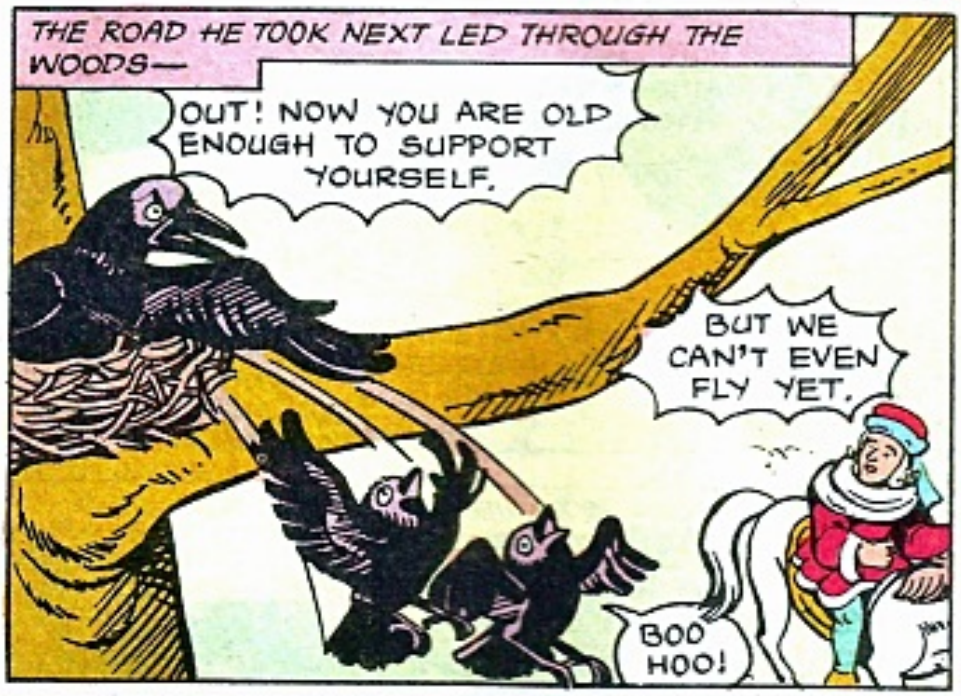
YOU WERE WRONGLY ACCUSED. YOU CAN HAVE YOUR JOB BACK.
NO! I WOULD RATHER HAVE A HORSE AND SOME MONEY. I WANT TO SEE THE WORLD.

SOON HE WAS ON HIS WAY. WHEN HE STOPPED BY A LAKE.
POOR FISH! THEY ARE CAUGHT IN THE REEDS. LET ME SAVE THEM.

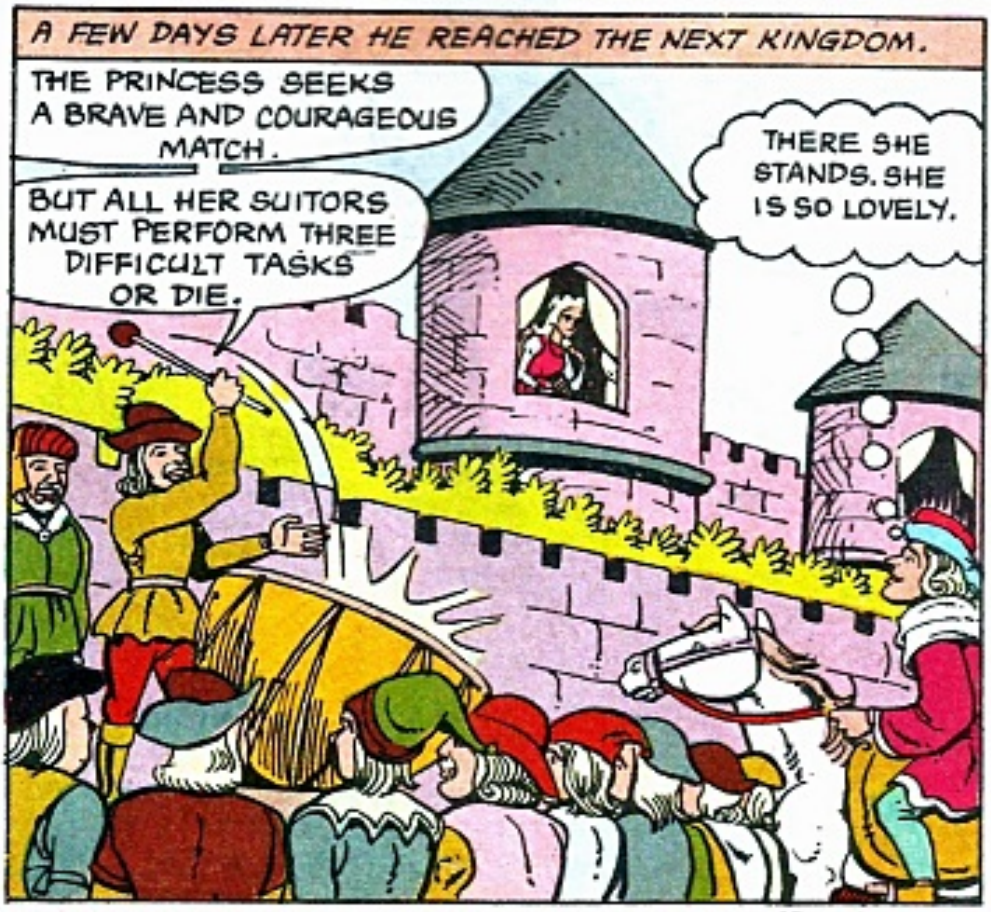
WHAT A GOOD MAN WE MUST HELP HIM TOO SOME DAY.


AS HE GALLOPED AWAY HE HEARD SOME SOFT SOUNDS FROM THE SAND BELOW.
THESE HEARTLESS HUMANS AND THEIR HORSES... THEY ARE KILLING ALL MY SUBJECTS.

IT WAS THE KING OF THE ANTS COMPLAINING.
I'LL GO ON THE SIDE PATH AND SAVE THE ANTHILL.
WHAT A KIND MAN! WE MUST REWARD HIM SOME DAY.


THE ROAD HE TOOK NEXT LED THROUGH THE WOODS—
OUT! NOW YOU ARE OLD ENOUGH TO SUPPORT YOURSELF.
BUT WE CAN'T EVEN FLY YET.
BOO HOO!

THE SERVANT TOOK PITY ON THE BABY RAVENS.
HUSH, KEEP ALL THIS FOOD. IT WILL LAST TILL YOU GROW UP.


A FEW DAYS LATER HE REACHED THE NEXT KINGDOM.
THE PRINCESS SEEKS A BRAVE AND COURAGEOUS MATCH.
BUT ALL HER SUITORS MUST PERFORM THREE DIFFICULT TASKS OR DIE.
THERE SHE STANDS. SHE IS SO LOVELY.

THE SERVANT WAS DAZZLED BY HER BEAUTY.
I'LL DO ANYTHING TO WIN HER HAND.
COME WITH ME.

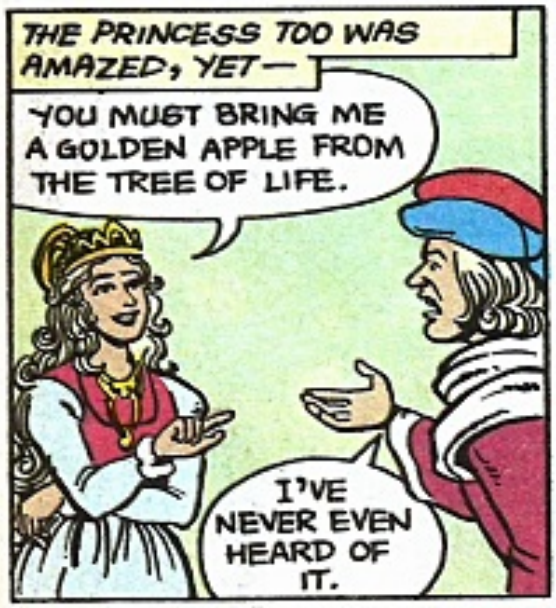
THE COURTIER LED HIM TO A LARGE LAKE.
I'LL THROW THIS RING IN. YOU MUST DIVE AFTER IT AND BRING IT BACK.
OR YOU'LL BE DROWNED RIGHT HERE.

THE SERVANT PAUSED AWHILE.
AH! THE THREE FISHES I SAVED. THEY'VE BROUGHT A SHELL TO THE SHORE.

INSIDE THE SHELL WAS THE GOLDEN RING.
NOW, MAY I MARRY YOU, SWEET PRINCESS?
NO, I HAVE ANOTHER TASK FOR YOU.

SHE LED HIM TO THE GARDEN AND ORDERED TEN SACKS FULL OF MILLET TO BE SPREAD OVER THE GRASS.
BY MORNING YOU MUST PICK AND FILL THE MILLET INTO THE SACKS.

BUT THE NEXT MORNING TO HIS SURPRISE ALL TEN SACKS WERE FULL.
AH! THE ANT KING WITH HIS THOUSANDS OF FOLLOWERS MUST HAVE DONE IT.


THE PRINCESS TOO WAS AMAZED, YET—
YOU MUST BRING ME A GOLDEN APPLE FROM THE TREE OF LIFE.
I'VE NEVER EVEN HEARD OF IT.

HE SET OFF—
I MIGHT AS WELL GO HOME.

SUDDENLY—
WHAT, A GOLDEN APPLE! SURELY IT MUST BE THE RAVENS WHOM I HAD HELPED.
HE RUSHED BACK TO THE PRINCESS AND THEY WERE SOON MARRIED WITH POMP AND PAGEANTRY.

THE ABSENTEE

Illustrations: Ramanand Bhagat

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by:
Miss Aparna Raman
9/104, P.S. Sivasami Salai, Sullivans Garden Road, Mylapore, MADRAS-600 004.

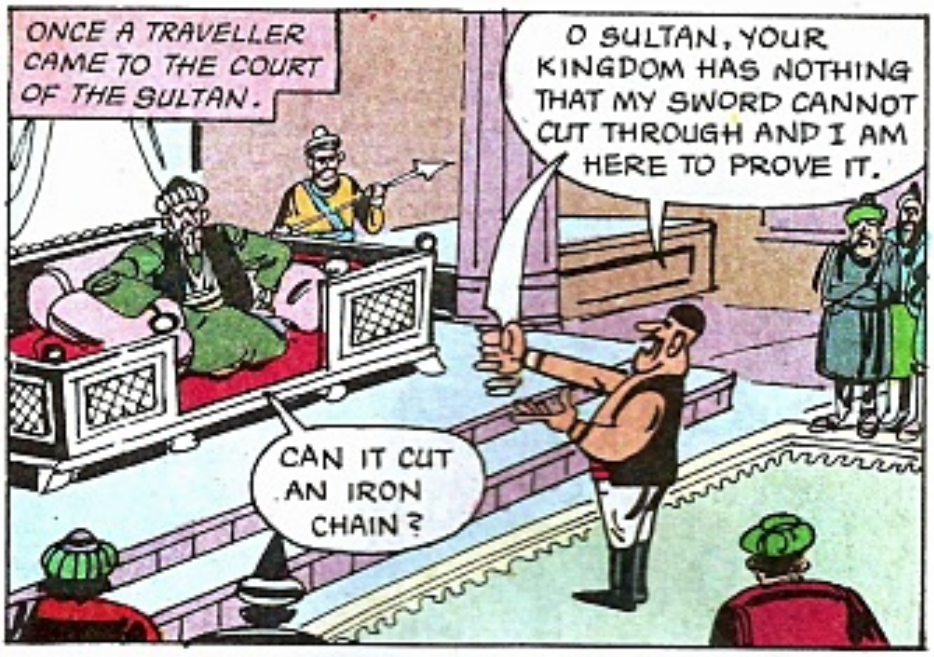
THE SWORDSMAN

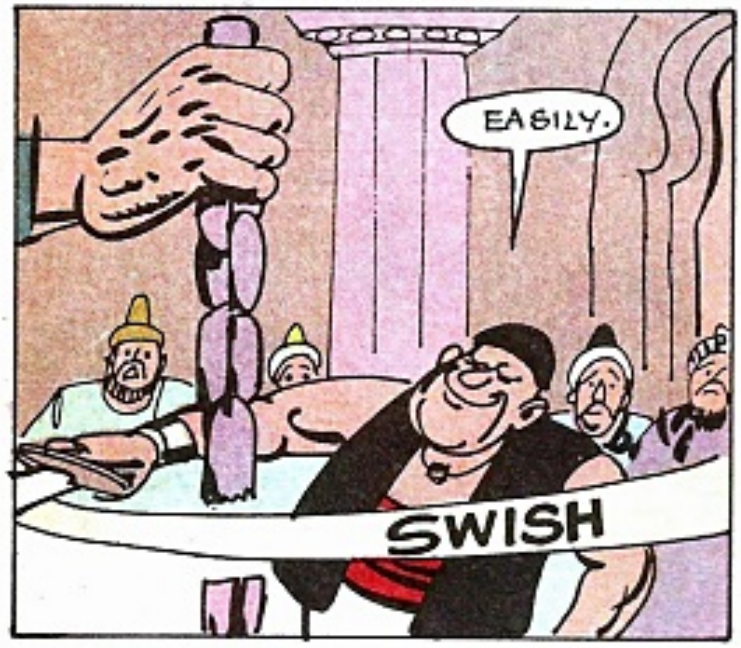
– Nasruddin Hodja Tale

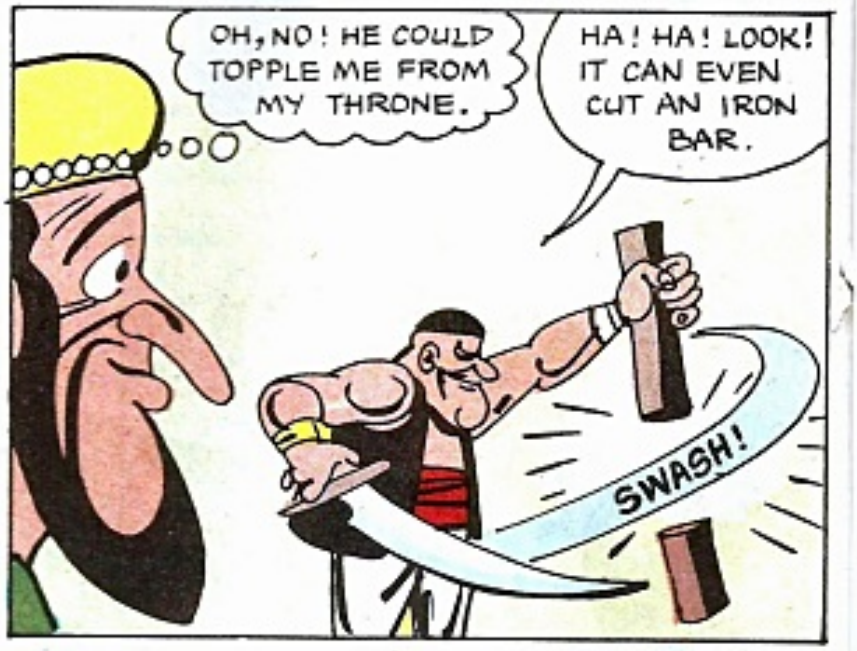
Readers' Choice

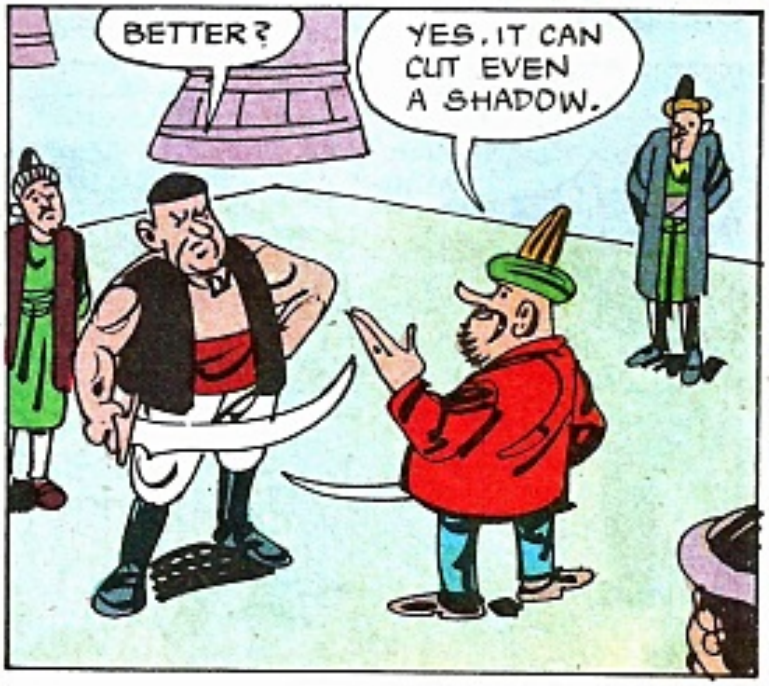
Based on a story sent by:
Master Ajay Mathur
D.S.P.'s Bungalow,
Civil Lines,
Godhra,
Gujarat.

Illustrations:
Ram Waeerkar

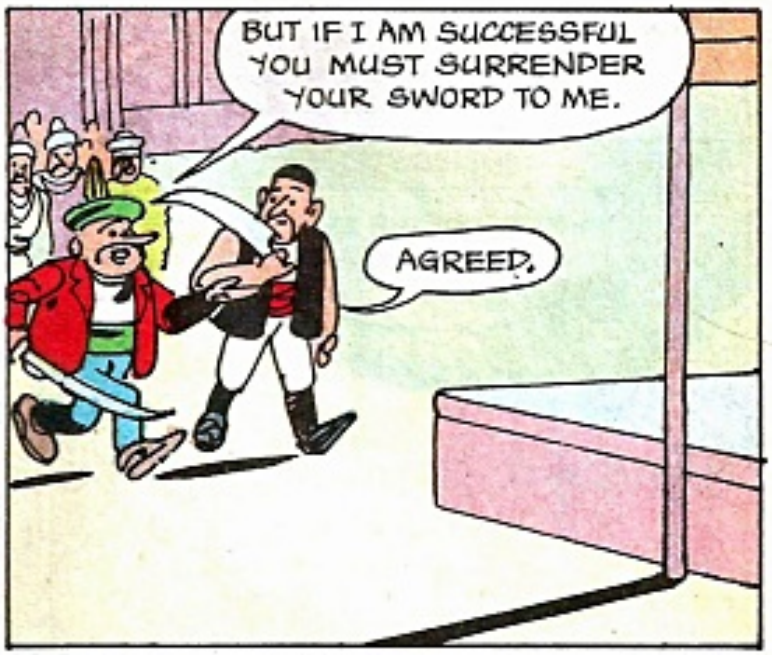






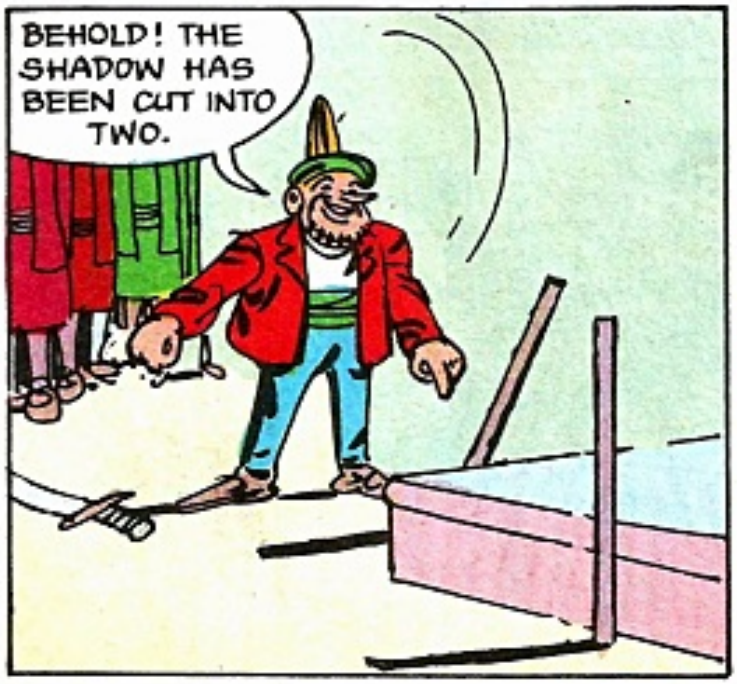


CUT A SHADOW! THAT I WILL HAVE TO SEE TO BELIEVE!
COME OUTSIDE AND I'LL DEMONSTRATE.


BUT IF I AM SUCCESSFUL YOU MUST SURRENDER YOUR SWORD TO ME.
AGREED.

NOW HERE'S A SHADOW...

SWISH
CRACK

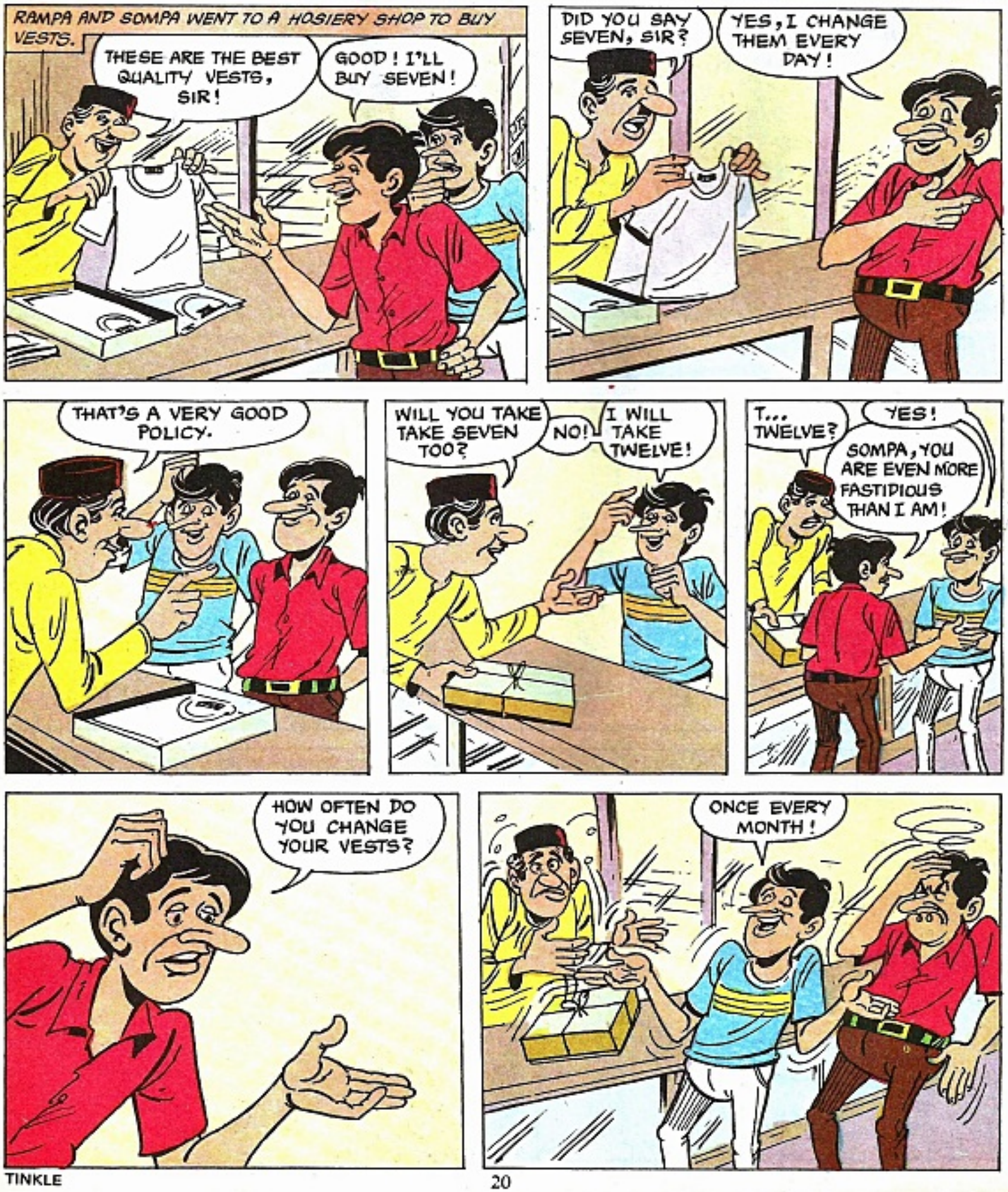

BEHOLD! THE SHADOW HAS BEEN CUT INTO TWO.

AND, BEHOLD, THE STRANGER, UNWILLING TO PART WITH HIS SWORD, IS RUNNING AWAY!
HA HA HA!

CHANGING HABITS

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by: Master Abhijeet Kuri
702, Amrut Tushar, 14th Road, Khar, BOMBAY-400 052.
Illustrations: Anand Mande

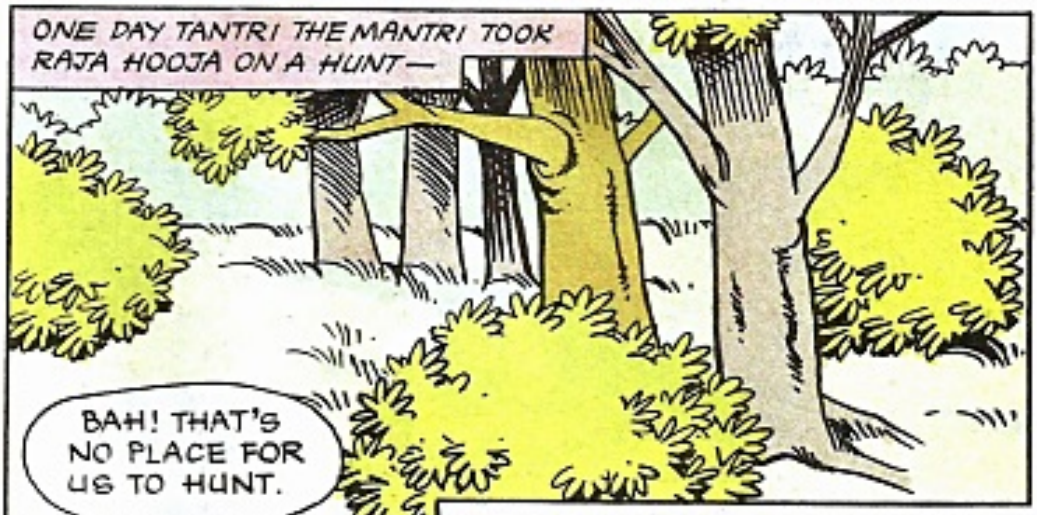


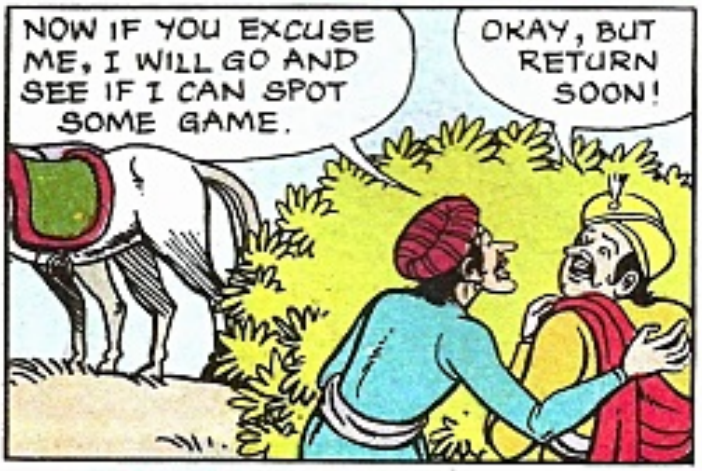
TANTRI THE MANTRI

Story by:
Alok Mathur

Script:
Adil Rangoonwalla

Illustrations:
Ajit Vasaikar





AH! THIS IS IDEAL FOR THE JOB.

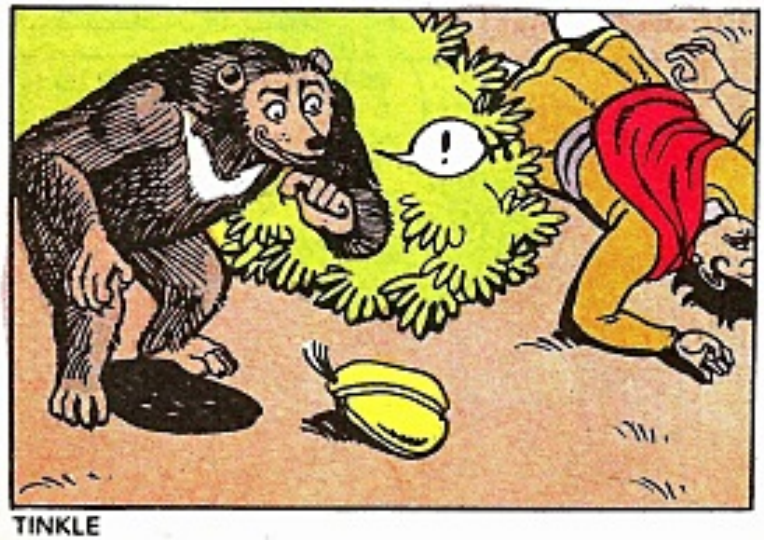
I WONDER WHY TANTRI HAS NOT RETURNED YET. WHAT IF SOME WILD ANIMAL COMES IN FRONT OF ME!
RUSTLE RUSTLE

AH! THERE HE IS BEHIND THAT BUSH!
GRUNT GRUNT

TANTRI, STOP THOSE ANIMAL SOUNDS AND COME OUT.
GRUNT

GRR!
A BEAR! I...I...!

OOOH!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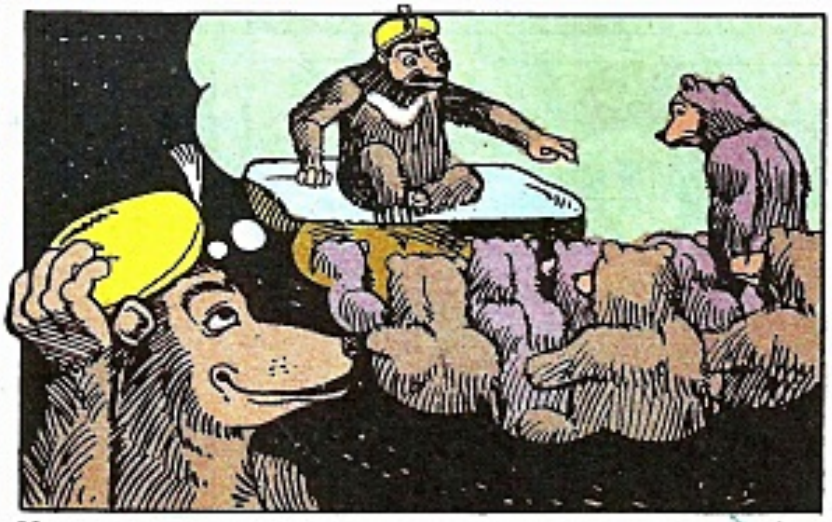


MEANWHILE—
THIS BRANCH IS GOING TO SHIFT...
...THE CROWN FROM HOOJA'S HEAD TO MINE! HA! HA!

THE HAPPIEST MOMENT OF MY LIFE HAS COME! NOW TO FIND HOOJA.

THERE HE IS. BUT WHERE DID HE GET THAT FUR COAT?

ANYWAY, HERE GOES...
THUD

I HAVE DONE IT! I AM THE KING.

I...! EEE!
GRR!

HELP! HELP!
MY FAITHFUL TANTRI, HE'S DRAWING THE BEAR AWAY FROM ME.

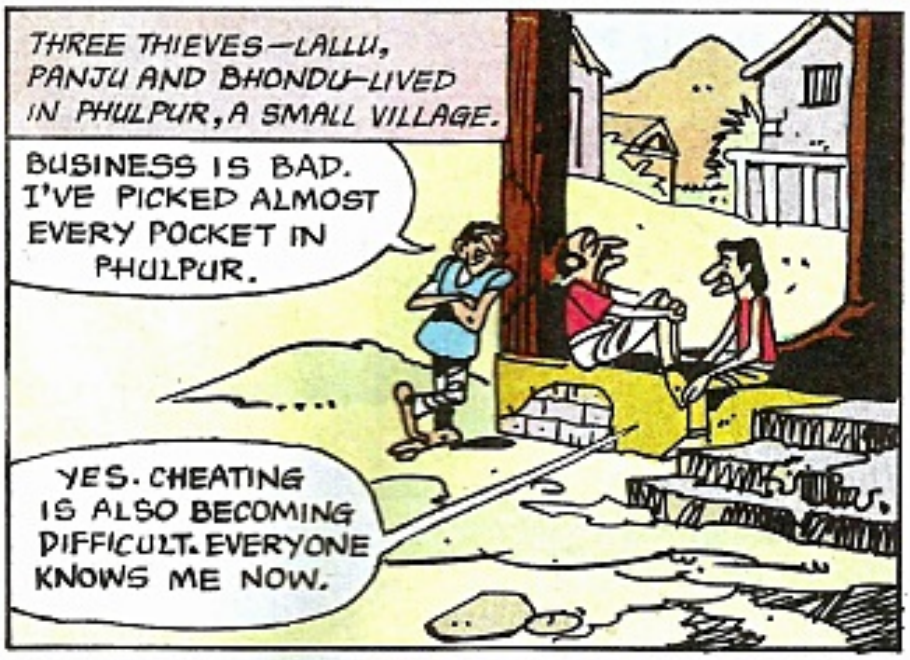
BUT HE SHOULD HAVE TAKEN MY ADVICE AND STUCK TO HUNTING DEER IN THE PALACE GARDENS!

DOUBLE-CROSS

Readers' Choice

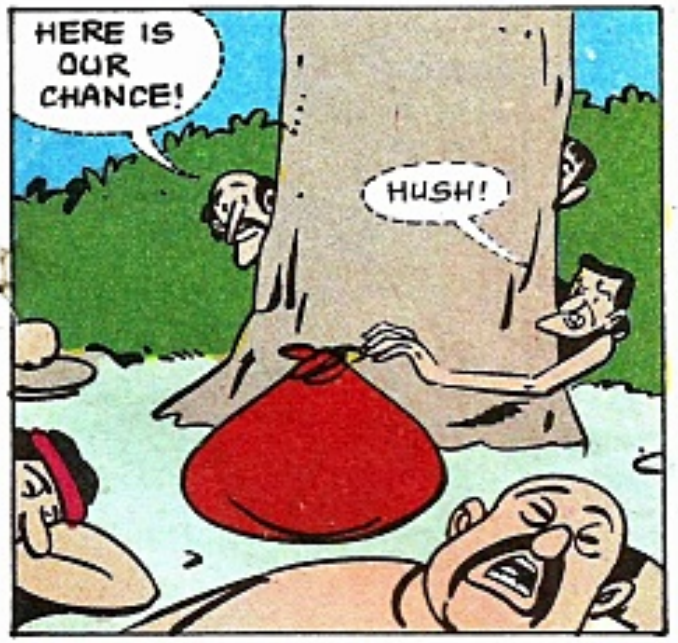
Based on a story sent by:
Master K.G. Venkat
50-A, Right Flank Lines,
Pune-411 040.

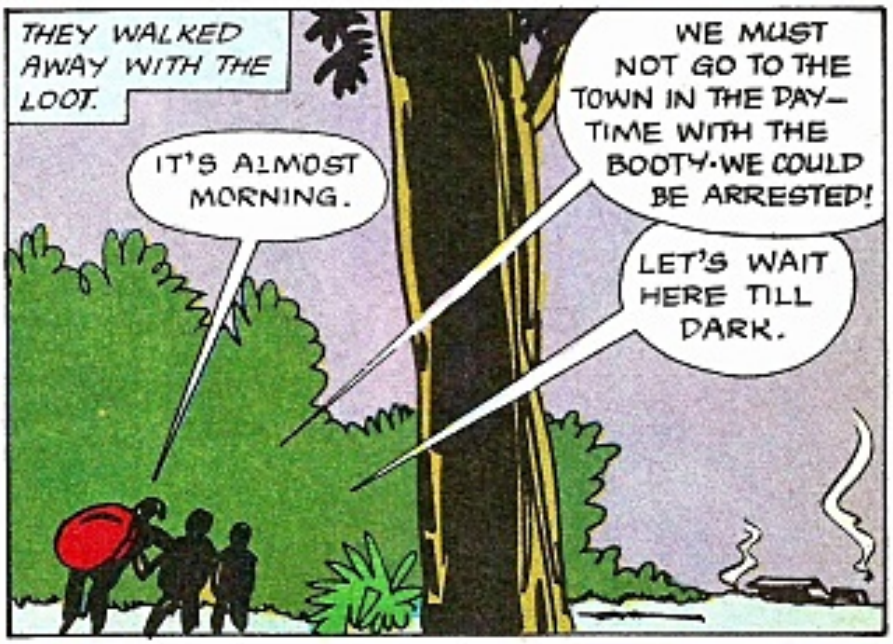
Illustrations:
Ram Waeerkar



LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE GOT LOTS OF LOOT.
LET'S WAIT TILL THEY GO TO SLEEP...

SHOULD WE KEEP WATCH, CHIEF?
NO NEED. THIS JUNGLE IS DESERTED AT NIGHT.


HERE IS OUR CHANCE!
HUSH!


THEY WALKED AWAY WITH THE LOOT.
IT'S ALMOST MORNING.
WE MUST NOT GO TO THE TOWN IN THE DAY-TIME WITH THE BOOTY-WE COULD BE ARRESTED!
LET'S WAIT HERE TILL DARK.

BUT I AM HUNGRY.
HMM...ALL RIGHT, WE'LL TAKE A CHANCE. BHONDU, YOU GO AND GET SOME FOOD.
AFTER WE EAT, WE'LL DIVIDE THE LOOT INTO THREE EQUAL SHARES.

BUT BHONDU HAD HIS OWN PLANS.
I'LL MIX SLEEPING PILLS IN THEIR FOOD. WHILE THEY ARE ASLEEP I'LL TAKE ALL THE LOOT AND VANISH.
H

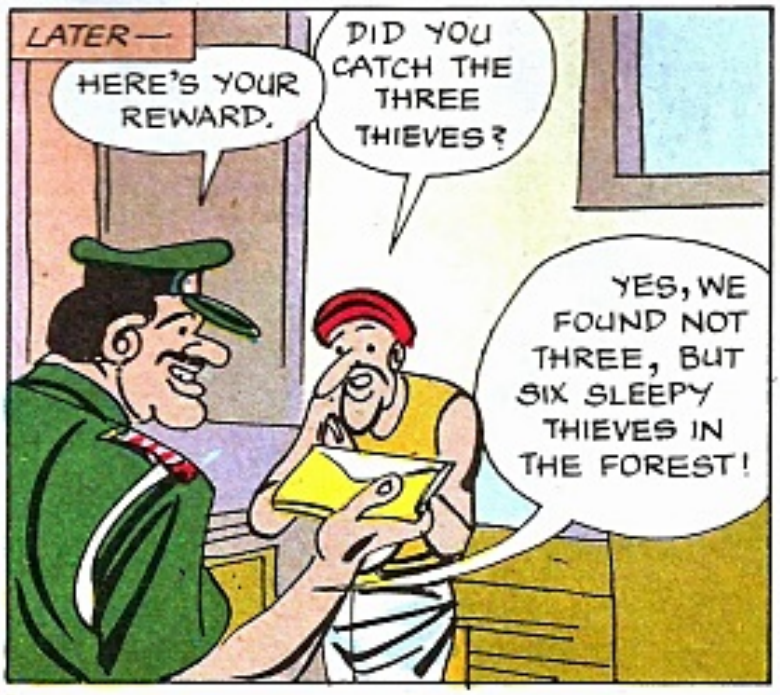
LALLU AND PANJU HAD SIMILAR THOUGHTS.
IF THERE WERE ONLY TWO OF US...
IF YOU AGREE I'LL HIT BHONDU ON THE HEAD WHEN HE RETURNS.

AND SO—
COME ON, EAT.
A SWIFT BLOW KNOCKED OUT BHONDU.

THERE! HE WON'T COME TO HIS SENSES FOR TWO HOURS.
LET'S EAT AND GO!

THEY ATE THEIR FOOD IN A HURRY
YAWN! I THINK I'LL REST A WHILE.
ME TOO.

SOON—
AH! THAT'S THE TREASURE THAT WAS LOOTED FROM SETH DHANIRAM'S HOUSE. I'LL REPORT TO THE POLICE.


LATER—
HERE'S YOUR REWARD.
DID YOU CATCH THE THREE THIEVES?
YES, WE FOUND NOT THREE, BUT SIX SLEEPY THIEVES IN THE FOREST!

SAY IT YOURSELF and win a cash prize

NO. 75

1. Mail your entry to TINKLE Competition Section, P.B. No. 16541, Bombay 400026.
2. First prize-Rs. 60
   Second prize-Rs. 30
   Third prize-Rs. 20
3. The next 10 best entries will each receive a copy of an ECHO BOOK
4. Decision of the judges is final and binding. Names of the prize-winners will be announced in Tinkle No. 201.
5. Entry form for Say It Yourself No. 75. is given on page No. 32.

Last date for receiving entries 15.4.90.

Winners of Say it Yourself No.72

PRIZE-WINNING ENTRY:

"Are you employed as a salesman by the shoe company that makes high-heeled elevator shoes?"

FIRST PRIZE:

Prerana Kapadia,
140, Princess Street,
Bombay 400002.

SECOND PRIZE:

Patrick Misquitta,
"The Shelter",
35, Sherly Rajan Road,
Bandra, Bombay 400050.

THIRD PRIZE:

Kirk Pereira,
"Hillary Cottage",
12, Ranwar, Bandra,
Bombay 400050.

CONSOLATION PRIZES:

Ketan Savla, Bombay.
Raylene Platel, Secunderabad.
Sameer Gupta, Chandigarh.
M.R. Roopa, Bangalore.
K.R.M. Pradeep, Madurai.
Rohini Pokle, Madras.
Gowthaman, Madurai.
Amit Khedekar, Bombay.
Rahul Hajarnavis, Thane.
K.S. Rajiv, Madras.
Bosco Noronha, Ambarnath.
Harshad Borkar, Ichapur (W. B.)
Pagjeet Kumar Pradeep, Wellington
Krithika Vasudevan, Hyderabad.

GOPAL LEARNS A LESSON

Readers' Choice

Based on a story sent by:
S. Usha
6-4-491/4, 'USHAS',
Krishnanagar Colony,
Bholakpur, Secunderabad.

Illustrations:
V.B. Halbe

I AM AFRAID THAT AFTER I'M GONE YOU WILL GAMBLE ALL MY WEALTH AWAY AND THEN TAKE TO BEGGING.
OH, FATHER, YOU KNOW ME BETTER THAN THAT!

PROMISE ME, GOPAL! PROMISE ME THAT YOU WILL HANG YOURSELF FROM THAT BEAM UP THERE RATHER THAN BEG FOR A LIVING.
I... I... PROMISE! AND NOW CAN I HAVE THE MONEY?

HERE.
THANKS, YOU WON'T REGRET IT!

I HOPE GOPAL HAS NOT MADE AN EMPTY PROMISE.
AFTER A FEW YEARS THE MERCHANT DIED LEAVING BEHIND HIS FORTUNE TO GOPAL.

AND SADLY ENOUGH, GOPAL SUCCUMBED TO HIS WEAKNESS FOR GAMBLING...
HE GAMBLED AND GAMBLED...

...TILL FINALLY—
OH, NO! I'VE LOST ALL MY WEALTH. NOW HOW SHALL I MAKE MY LIVING?

(BOO HOO) I SHALL HAVE TO TAKE TO BEGGING! HOW I WISH I HAD LISTENED TO FATHER AND KEPT AWAY FROM GAMBLING DENS! (BOO HOO)!

SUDDENLY GOPAL REMEMBERED THE PROMISE HE HAD MADE—
(SOB) IT'S BETTER TO END IT THIS WAY.
AT LEAST THE FAMILY NAME WILL REMAIN UNTARNISHED.

GOOD-BYE, CRUEL WORLD!

HERE I GO.

CRASH!
AAH!

CLINK
CLINK
GOLD COINS! THERE ARE GOLD COINS IN THAT BEAM!

YAHOO! I'M RICH! I'M RICH!

SO THIS WAS FATHER'S WAY TO GIVING ME A NEW LEASE OF LIFE. HE DIDN'T WANT ME TO DIE AFTER ALL.
WHAT A BRILLIANT IDEA!

I SWEAR I WILL NEVER GAMBLE AGAIN!
AND GOPAL LIVED UP TO HIS WORD. HE STARTED A NEW BUSINESS WITH THE MONEY AND SOON BECAME A PROSPEROUS MERCHANT.

Mooshik

Based on an idea sent by S. Atheko
Ram Lal Paul, Imphal, Keishamthong.

TINKLE

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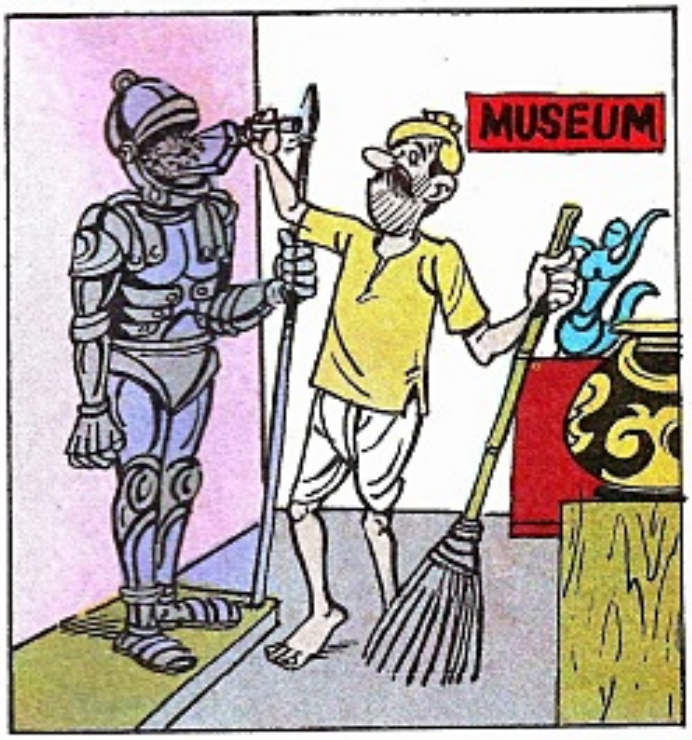
Cut and mail coupon to: Partha Books Division, Navprabhat Chambers, Ranade Road, Dadar, Bombay 400 028.

See and Smile

Based on an idea sent by Hiral C. Lapasia
4, Chandra Villa, 218, R.A. Kidwai Road, Wadala, Bombay-31.



CUT HERE

ENTRY FORM

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

STATE: _____

AGE: _____ PIN: ☐☐☐☐☐☐

SAY IT YOURSELF NO. **75**

My answer: _____

HALF-TICKET

Based on a story sent by Sudhindra,
Sumana, Jayanagar, 9th Block, BANGALORE-560 069.

Readers Write...

Recently my parents brought me two rabbits as pets. I wanted two different names for them. Then I remembered the names of Keechu and Meechu, the two rabbits in the Kalia the crow series. And I gave them these names.

Karthik Nagappan,
451, Anna Nagar,
Madurai 625020.

The feature "Lives at risk" published in Tinkle No. 180 helped me a lot in my biology test. The other feature I liked in the issue was "The superwomen of sports".

A. Prasanna,
Malleswaram, Bangalore 560 003.

I would like Tantri the Mantri stories to appear in every issue of Tinkle.

Ashish Bogawat, Pune 411 029.

Thank you for sending me the wonderful prize of the cricket book for the Tinkle cricket quiz. The prize has given me confidence to take part in some more competitions in Tinkle.

Kailas Sakhare,
Raigad 410 203.

Please publish questionnaires and competition features that require to be cut out, on a separate piece of paper— so that we don't destroy the story on the back of it.

Tinkle has become very expensive. It is difficult to purchase it regularly with my pocket money.

Miss Archana,
Kohima, Nagaland 797002.

I would like to send some "See & Smile" ideas for Tinkle. But I don't know what to do. Do I have to write out the idea or do I have to draw the picture?

Sheraz D. Sholapurwalla,
14/9, Rustom Baug, Byculla, Bombay 400 027.

(Just write out the idea and send it to us Editor.)

I am a girl of 11 years and I, like Richa Srivastava (Tinkle No. 184), would like to have a penfriend.

R. Shalini,
No.59, 24th Main Road, Banashankari, 1st Stage, Shreenagar, Bangalore 560050.

Why does Shikari Shambu always wear auniform?

Karan Mirchandani,
Bombay 400 056.

Please publish detective stories in Tinkle.

M. Padmaja,
Hyderabad 500 016.

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